



# ARTS Journal

## CURRY COLLEGE

1990 - 1991

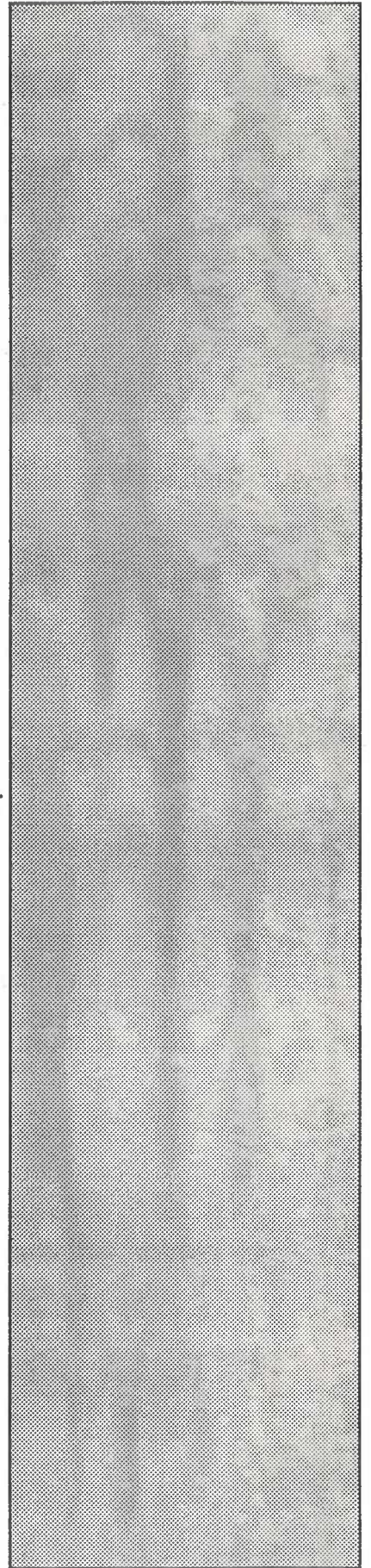


$$\begin{array}{r}
 12 \\
 425 \\
 \hline
 700 \\
 500 \\
 \hline
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 28 \\
 505 \\
 \hline
 285 \\
 505 \\
 \hline
 285 \\
 505 \\
 \hline
 \end{array}$$

## Snow Purple and the Seven Dwarfs

She shattered the mirror  
hoping the shards  
would rip her stepmother's face  
away.  
Wasn't it strange  
that Daddy's wife was a bottle?  
Snow Purple ran into the woods  
looking for a tree to hide behind  
when she stumbled upon seven...  
yes, seven men.  
Oh, they were beautiful  
dancing in their shadow suits  
and playing that silky music.  
I remember sunshine...he burned my pride away  
I remember lust...he tip-toes on blades of kisses.  
I remember paint... I am his blood-stained canvas.  
I remember my psychiatrist...I ripped him into pieces.  
I remember my fascination...and all those dead dragons.  
I remember magic...and all his indigo smiles.  
I remember the mermaid...who drowned into my childhood.  
I remember them in my dreams.  
You see, I choked on an apple  
given to me by some glorious hag ,  
it was poisoned with disillusionment  
and fear of love  
I am waiting for Prince Charming  
to chop down his wooden horse  
and kiss my bleeding lips,  
so I can sing the blues again.



## Little Red Riding Hood

She followed a path  
to grandmother's grave  
wearing a dress of blood  
She carried a basket  
of wild mushrooms and honey  
to thank her dead grandmother  
for the genes.  
Only when she got halfway there  
a handsome wolf...smiled at her  
so, she shyly showed him  
her fish net stockings.  
He glanced at the old lady's gifts...  
and laughed,  
for he had a fetish  
for licking honey from the lips  
of innocent girls.  
They skipped along singing songs  
by the stones.  
Smoking cigarettes, and the same eyes.  
Dancing in the chaos  
of the sun's despair.  
So, hand in hand they felt  
the forest enchantment and ate the mushrooms  
as the honey's sugar kissed them both.  
Until grandmother came along  
to find them all folded together  
and with this she said  
"Granddaughter, what big eyes you have."  
"Well, I am a little surprised to see you."  
"Granddaughter, what a sticky smile you have."  
"Well, the mushrooms were bland."  
"Granddaughter, what a lovely man you have sweet-  
ened."  
"The better to taste his sorrows..."  
And with this the grandmother smiled...  
"You are my grandchild, we wear the same  
bright shoes."



## Life long Facade

Clorox bleached white  
Brady Bunch decoy  
My painting is hidden behind  
the lamp.  
Is it afraid of being seen?  
Are they not proud of it?

That picture of me,  
How old was I?  
Thirteen and in modeling  
school.  
Why? Oh yeah,  
It's wrong to be a tomboy.  
Someone had to show me,  
how to be a Brady.  
I never was.

Superficial house.  
Looking at it,  
No one sees the  
broken glass.  
That blood stain on the carpet  
has been so neatly covered,  
that I bet it never existed.

"Hallucinating, I must have  
been Hallucinating"!

Stacy Harris

## Despair

Sometimes I look into the eyes of despair.  
Despair seems to know that nobody cares.  
So I just sit here crying aloud.

Sometimes I look into the eyes of despair.  
They tell me to look past, but I can't.  
Why should despair care about me?

Despair seems to know that nobody cares.  
I look at her with that flowing brown hair.  
I think maybe she will take time to care.

Sometimes I look into the eyes of despair.  
And feel her uncompromising grip.  
What will it take to free me from her grasp?

Despair seems to know that nobody cares.  
Nobody cares. Why is it so?  
I sit with despair twirling her hair.

Why is it I have this unyielding fate?  
I must get out now before it's too late.  
Sometimes I look into the eyes of despair.  
Despair seems to know that no one else cares.

Ray Morin



## Never Forgetting

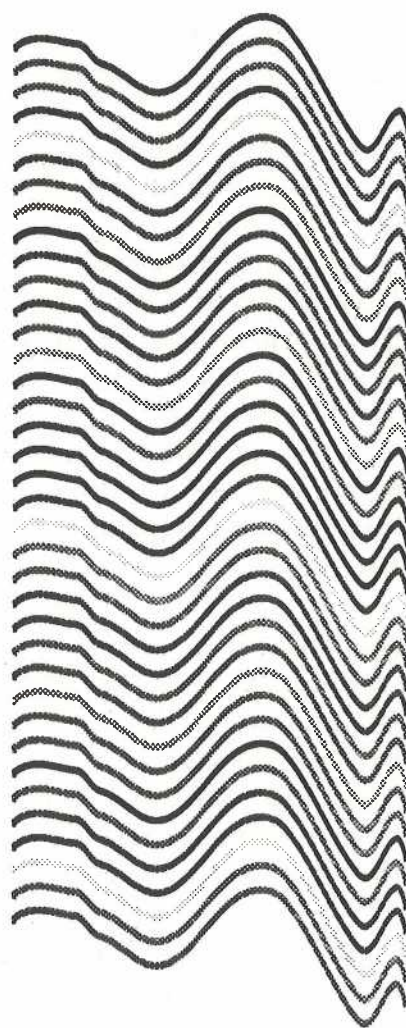
Each day I awake, a smile upon my face.  
Thoughts of you travel through my mind,  
soon reaching my heart.  
I rise to begin my day.

As each day passes into the night,  
more thoughts fill my mind  
pushing me through the rough times,  
guiding me through the easy times.

As I prepare for my dream world,  
another smile appears while I recount  
the memories that we made  
I close my eyes

Then one day I awake, tears trickling down my  
face  
I've envisioned the day when I will rise  
only to begin that day that represents the end,  
yet a beginning.  
The end of us sharing each day together,  
but the beginning for you to move on  
and for us to remember.  
My tears are of joy and sorrow.  
The joy I feel for you and your new life.  
The sorrow I feel for our good-bye.  
And each day I awake,  
always remembering, never forgetting.

Pia Corona





## Caminos: Roads

by Antonio Machado

Distant, in the highlands  
where the Duero traces its crossbow curve  
in turn to Soria,  
among leaden hills and patches of rough-hewn oaks,  
my heart is wandering, in dreams...

Don't you see, Lenor, the poplars of the river  
with their rigid branches?  
Look at the blue and white Moncayo,  
give me your hand  
and let us walk through these fields of my land,  
bordered by dusty olive groves;  
I go walking alone, sad, tired, thoughtful and old.

I dreamt that you were carrying me  
through a white path in the middle of a green field,  
toward the blue of the mountains,  
toward the blue sierras.

I felt your hand in mine,  
your hand of a friend, your child-like voice  
in my ear, like a new bell,  
a virgin bell of a spring dawn.

They were your voice and your hand,  
in dreams so real! Hope lives, who knows  
what the earth swallows up?

Translated by Jeffrey DiIuglio



Balada: Ballad  
by Gabriela Mistral

He passed by with another woman,  
and I saw him pass.  
The wind is always sweet and the road is in peace.  
And these miserable eyes saw him pass!

He goes on loving another woman  
through the land in flower.  
The hawthorn has opened;  
a song drifts by.  
And he goes on loving another woman,  
through the land in flower!

He kissed another woman  
at the seashore.  
The moon of an orange-blossom color slid in the waves,  
and the expanse of the sea did not anoint my blood!

He will go with the other woman for eternity.  
There will be sweet heavens.  
(God wants to remain silent.)  
And he will go with the other woman  
for eternity!

Translated by Jeffrey DiIuglio

### The Red Balloon

A school yard.  
A group of children,  
red and white balloons  
bobbing up and down.  
What did they symbolize? Peace?  
I held my red balloon tightly,  
but somehow it escaped my grasp.  
Gone, long before the others.  
I was embarrassed  
it drifted up, up  
as the sky welcomed it  
the huge expanse swallowed it.  
As the others began to ascend  
mine had turned small in the distance  
it was now the size of a teardrop,  
running down my cheek.

Katy Pryor



## The Flower

Just a tiny bud, so tender and young.  
Kissed by the sunlight, soothed by the warm night.  
Alone but she grows, flourishes with hope.  
Her timid soft petals begin to spread.  
Soar your wings, you fragile bird, to the sky  
Fly high, fly, fly far away, and be grand.  
Now, the petals take form and drink the sun.  
Larger and larger they grow, smiling...  
They reach up to God, letting prayers in.  
The developing bud is blessed with strength  
And strong so she is, with all her beauty.

The bud, now a flower, quiet with love  
Her wings are wide open, just like a dove.  
Living forever, she stands poised and tall.

Cindy Kroll

## A Mother's Plight

I know the pain  
I saw it in my mother's eyes  
and in my grandmother's too

The pain of knowing  
this world is not ready to honor  
the precious child I brought to life

We knew we could not change the world  
each was left alone to change her child

Judt Houghton

HEY

HEY-I HATE MY SCHOOL  
DAD HATES HIS JOB  
MOM HATES THE BOTH OF US  
SOMETHING'S DEFINITELY WRONG

OUR LEADERS ARE CORRUPT  
WHY'S GEORGE MAKIN' CHEMICAL WEAPONS?  
ECONOMY'S IN A RUT.

A HOMELESS RATE HAS DOUBLED!  
PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHES KIDS NOT TO THINK!  
SO TO FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG  
THEIR PARENTS SEND THEM TO A SHRINK  
WHEN WE WRECK OUR HAIR WITH SPRAY  
THE OZONE LAYER THINS AWAY  
OH, THEN POLICE HASSLE THE KIDS  
WHOSE PARENTS CALL THEM PIGS  
AND THE N.R.A. DEALS OUT GUNS  
TO KILL THEM WITH .

AND WE TAX THE POOR MORE  
AND THE RICH THINK THAT'S A JOKE  
WHEN MILLION DOLLAR ATHLETES  
O.D. ON FORMS ON FORMS OF COKE.  
THERE'S THE PSYCHO KILLERS  
WHO KILL AND KILL SOME MORE  
RAMBO'S A CARTOON SERIES  
BECAUSE LITTLE KIDS LIKE WAR  
THERE ARE PEOPLE SO ILLITERATE  
THEY CAN ONLY READ GEORGE BUSH'S LIP  
AND THIRTY YEAR OLD FATHERS  
PROD BETWEEN THEIR DAUGHTER'S HIPS  
AND THE SATANIC CULT GETS THE KIDS  
THAT THE CHURCHES DRIVE AWAY  
WHILE THE PARENTS SEND EVANGELISTS  
ALL THEIR HARD EARNED PAY...

IS IT ME

IS IT ME

IS IT ME

IS IT ME

OR IS THIS WORLD CRAZY

(REPEAT FOUR TIMES IN YOUR HEAD TO GET THE FULL EFFECT)

PHIL HULBIG



## The Question of Life

Life is a question that has no words.  
Life throws us zingers we think are absurd.  
Life is a game that has no solutions.  
It voids out logic and inputs illusions.

We're given a bowl of mixed emotions.  
Sorting them out can cause some commotion.  
Life gives us good times—both blissful and sad.  
Laugh at the happy; cry at the bad.

Life is a mystery; it's plain to see.  
Strive to succeed; be the best you can be.  
I have no answers for questions you ask.  
Look to the future and learn from the past.

Sue McCarty

## HAIKU

Candlelight, eyes shine  
Hands intertwined. . . Soft, silky  
Souls, lost in passion.

Cindy Knoll

## Falling Snow

Outer window panes,  
covered in frozen dust.  
We sit, confined against  
a million soft flakes.  
Beneath drooping trees,  
along unplowed roads,  
snowballs fly, and crash  
against rigid flesh.  
Inside, the cold is forgotten,  
warmth and leisure consume  
all time and space.  
Beyond us, on roads covered  
with slush and black ice,  
cars slide along, sometimes  
becoming metal heaps,  
tangled beneath the calm  
falling snow.

Katy Pryor



## Cabin Fever

The band-aids are  
falling off the chandelier.  
Barbecue sauce seeps from  
the radiator, oooooozing.  
The remote control does  
cartwheels after an extensive  
workout with Jane Fonda and  
paint peels off wall paper.  
Mr. Potato Head has lost an ear.  
Oops!  
It's raining real raindrops.  
Withered flowers from a  
long ago wedding  
sing to the champagne bottle.  
Chocolate bon-bons  
shimmer and quake-  
The doilies have run amuck.

Katy Pryor

## The Beach

The beach went on.  
The water was forever flowing.  
There is no end to either,  
as there is no end to friendships.  
The cold sand with the warm sun,  
beating upon it  
shows the warmth given from one friend when,  
upon another friend,  
falls the coldness of a stranger.  
The rocks show shaky grounds, shaky times,  
but with the reaching out of a friend's hand,  
everyone becomes secure again.  
And the beach goes on...  
The water flows...  
And the friends last forever...

Pia Corona

## She is my best friend

She is my best friend  
I live with her  
She met a guy  
She brought him home with her  
He lives with us now  
I am just a fixture on the wall  
He is just a fixture on the couch  
She is my best friend  
I taught her how to stand  
up for herself  
She taught me how  
to be quiet  
She is my best friend  
The bills are under my name  
I am the responsible one  
She is my best friend  
Her boyfriend is a junky  
She is my best friend  
She never has any money  
He never works  
She never pays the bills  
She is my best friend  
She never pays me back  
I am broke  
She is rich  
I am empty  
She is full  
She is my best friend

Sarah L. Kuljian



## Red and White

Well, boy am I feeling weird today. Musta been something in my food. I tell ya , there ain't nothing you can come into contact with today that won't get you sick or give you canvcer. I mean, back home I tried to stop drinking the water because it was so damn polluted you could see the shit floating around in it. Fact was, it didn't even look like water, looked more like weak milk shake. Still drank it though: it's incredible what you do when you need something. Heck, I bet if you were thirsty enough, and there was nothing else, you'd probably drink your own piss..HeHE!

Wow? Wonder what time it is? The sun's coming up. Shit we been up all night. Mrs. White is probably gonna be pissed. Every time I stay up all night I end up fallin' asleep during duties. Man, that woman can be a real bitch when you fall asleep during duties.

I remember on day when I was cleaning the kitchen, and the night before me and Vern had stayed up all night just rappin' about the old times. Do you remember Vern? I think he might have left before you came here. I'm not sure; I'm not too good at remembering details, just main events. But anyway, that day I had kitchen duty I can remember I was so tired my eyes were stickin together. So I sat down near the sink just to rest a little, cause my legs were tired as hell, too. Well, before I realized it I was asleep, and there was Mrs. White screaming her Goddamn ass off. Bitch bitch bitch! Nearly scared the shit out of me. I wanted to grab her and scream as loud as I could into her ear. i think I did, I'm not sure. I just know they taped me up after that.....God Mrs. White, what a fitting name. Don't you think so? I mean, Christ, everyting else around here is white. White walls, white ceilings, white beds, white pillows, white clothes, it's almost fitting that the lead bitch be white too.

I hate white. It's such an ugly color. In fact, if I had any power I'd see to it that white wasn't even associated with other colors. It's not right I tell ya. White is just like... I don't know... It's a gross color. Reminds me of the water we used to have back home.

Ya know what color I really like though? Red. Red is a terrific color. All bright and warm. My room used to be red. had bright red wallpaper and dark red covers on my bed. man, that's what I miss most from home, my red room. There used to be this girl up thge street from me, a Spanish girl, wore red all the time. It looked beautiful on her. Complimented her on it all the time. I think she liked red about as much as me. She had this red dress had lots a different colored beads on it. I think out of all the clothes she had I like that dress the

best. It showed off her good figure.

Had this boyfriend though, a real loser. Used to wear one of those black leather jackets, jeans and a white Tee-shirt. Wore the same thing all the time, never changed. Oh well, sometimes he'd have sit all over that damn white T-shirt. I don't know what she saw in him, they had nothing in common. I tried to split'm up. Kinda' worked. Just she knew I was responsible. She hated me after that, called the police on me. I wish I hadn't even tried it. I mean she probably would have realized sooner or later that he was no good... Now she doesn't wear red anymore, not even that dress I was tellin' you about. I feel really bad—she looked so beautiful in red.

Anyway, I never get to see too much red here. Everything's so white. Man, I hate white. Glad my skin is tan and not pure white or I'd probably hate myself, heh heh. White just gets to me, I don't know why. Sometimes I just get so crazy cause there's no red here any where. Well except for the fire alarm but that really doesn't count. But you know what I do when I really need to see red?

Ya gotta' promise not to tell a soul. Well, you're pretty taped up now but when your not gotta' promise not to tell anybody. If Mrs. White finds out about this, she'll give me the Zaps, and you know how those feel.... Here look. I took from the kitchen. Can you believe that! They just left it right out on the counter. It's sharp as a razor, still kinda' wish I had a sharpening stone though. I could probably get it sharper. I keep it hidden inside my mattress along with this rag. Isn't it beautiful? All red. I know they'll never be able to findm' cause I cut the hole so it just looks like a wear hole on the corner.

Anyway this is what I do when I start to get upset and really need to see some red. I just wait till no one else is around and I cut my finger and let the red run down My arm. Wipe it with the rag like this, so I don't get any on my clothes. If they saw red on my clothes they'd know it was me who took the knife. Then they'd tear my room apart lookn' for it and Zap me good till I promise never to do it again. I used to have a needle I'd do this with, but I was pretty stupid, got some on my clothes. Boy was that a bad day, Mrs. White kept yelling, "where did this come from, where did this come from." what a bitch. Now I'm smarter though, they'll never catch me. Can see red whenever I want now...Hey, do you want to try? ...Come on we're all beautiful on the inside.



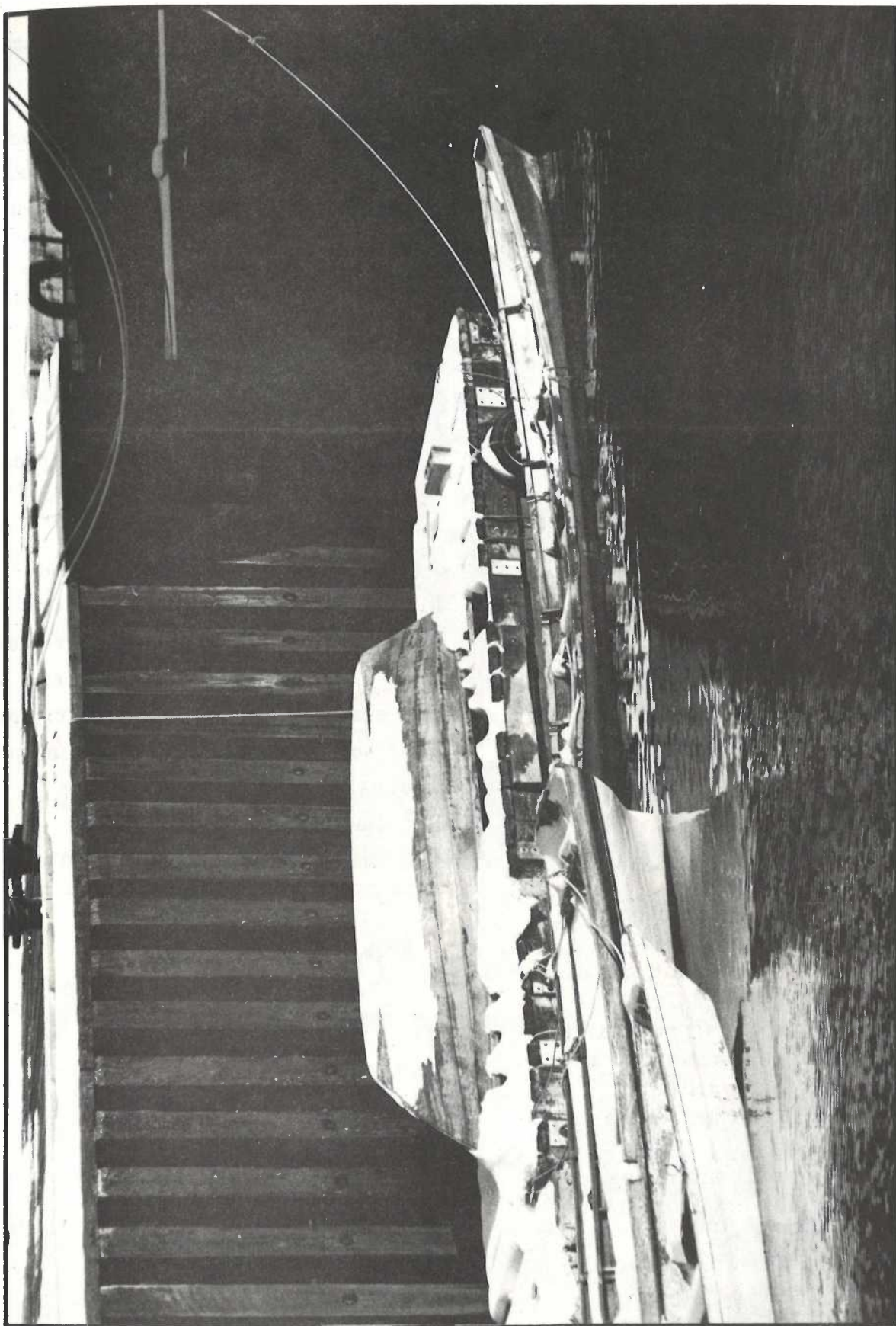
### Red Rivers

Red rivers, dikes of pain,  
visions of choppers still remain.  
Friends that were, are no-more,  
thanks to that bloody war.  
There stands a Reaper upon the night,  
with sickle in my hand, ready to fight.  
There stands a Reaper with death in his face,  
scavenging bodies from this war-torn race.  
I can feel my blood flow,  
I know it's too late.  
The demons of evil,  
decided my fate.

Michael A. Harrison







James Alvord

### Cabin Fever

The band-aids are  
falling off the chandelier.  
Barbecue sauce seeps from  
the radiator, oooooozing.  
The remote control does  
cartwheels after an extensive  
workout with Jane Fonda and  
paint peels off wall paper.  
Mr. Potato Head has lost an ear.  
Oops!  
It's raining real raindrops.  
Withered flowers from a  
long ago wedding  
sing to the champagne bottle.  
Chocolate bon-bons  
shimmer and quake-  
The doilies have run amuck.

Katy Pryor

### Too Far Gone

What is this that has a hold on me  
I know it is something that I refuse to see  
It seized a hold upon my very soul  
seeped into my brain  
then took control  
It looked so good and felt so fun  
I know its desired by everyone  
Its just so hard to say no  
I want this aching need to go  
The sickness, the pain, the sleepless nights  
Why does it hurt so good  
and feel so right  
I sometimes think it's all I need  
My heart and soul fill with greed  
No love, No soul, No hope, No friends  
That's all it brings you in the end  
It feeds on failures, it mocks my pain  
yet I sell my soul to do it again and again  
I feel that my life is all wrong  
I feel as if I am too far gone.

Anonymous





Ted Lavash



## From The Bench

By Mike Gilert

"In our times baseball plays a vital role in the American way of life, baseball is America" (Goldstein 33).

I grew up playing baseball and like a lot of young kids my dream was to hit the game winning home run in the seventh game of the World Series. Like most kids my talent would only allow me to be an average high school player. When I made the varsity team my Junior year, I was sure I would be starting at second base and be a big part of the team for two years. These two years turned out to be bitter and sweet.

I wanted to start at second base more than anything my junior year, but I was competing against Phil Richardson who was a senior. The odds were against me, but I hustled my ass off and got lucky when Phil came down with the flu, a couple of days before our first game. I started and played well. After the game the coach told me he was going to start Phil, but since I had played so well and Phil had been sick that he couldn't take me out. I would be the starter. With hard work and a little luck I had pulled it off. The problem was that I had jammed my fingers during the game diving back to second base. I thought it would be no big deal, but the next morning half my palm was black and blue. I couldn't even make a fist and gripping a bat was out of the question. Phil started the next game and ended up playing the rest of the season. I did a little pinch hitting, but most of the time I watched Phil have a good baseball season. It sucked sitting on the bench, but I could except what had happened. I would get my chance next year, and if anything happened to Phil, I would be right in there.

Our team made the State Tournament, and being an underdog we advanced to the semi-finals. We were up against a tough team, but we could win it. We were playing in a small stadium since we were in the finals and the fans were pouring in. It was a beautiful day for baseball. The sun was beating down on the field and the



Smell of fresh cut grass filled my nose as I warmed up and took a seat on the bench. The game cruised along, but in the sixth inning the other team took a 3-1 lead. Phil was batting the next inning and I clapped for Phil, hoping he could get something started. The first pitch hit Phil off the right elbow. He slumped over in pain clutching his wounded throwing arm. My heart leaped in my throat, and I grabbed a hold of my glove knowing this was my big chance. My hands were sweating and my heart was racing as I watched the trainer putting ice on Phil's elbow. The coach was pacing back and forth and I was trying to make eye contact with him. Coach Sauchuck slowly walked over to where a Sophomore infielder named Andy and I were sitting. Andy had already wished me good luck, and I took a deep breath thanking him for the encouragement. The coach looked out on the field at the final out of the inning being made, then with a quick glance towards the bench, he said, "Foreman, you're in there." The words bounced off my forehead like I had just been slapped. My mouth dropped open and tears filled my eyes. How could he do this to me? Andy had been with the Junior Varsity team all year, and had come with the Varsity team to watch. I had been to every practice and had maintained a good attitude all year, cheering on my teammates and playing hard. Now this was my reward? I threw my glove against the dug out wall in disgust, and kicked over a big trash can, making a big dent in it. Coach Sauchuck glanced back, but tried to ignore my tantrum. Some players sitting next to me moved, in fear of being hit with a flying trash can. I sat by myself, swearing and holding back the tears. I didn't really give a shit about the outcome of the game and we lost 3-2. The coach pinch hit me in the ninth inning and I struck out on three pitches. I tried to grit my teeth and concentrate, but I just wasn't myself. It was like the coach had put me up there out of sympathy for his other decision. I felt sick at my stomach and I wanted to puke all over the coach. Some of my friends in the stands were on Coach Sauchuck's case. "Sauchuck you fuckin suck," shouted one of my friends. It made me feel a little better, but I was really depressed. I didn't want to talk to my friends or family. The fact was that



a J.V. Second basemen had played over me in the State Finals, and it was obvious to me that the coach felt more confident with it was obvious to me that the coach felt more confident with Andy in there. Andy had fielded two ground balls and popped up to the third basemen. It was nothing spectacular, but it was more than I got to do. Things looked bad for next season because Andy would be back, and I had already been given a big hint on who would be starting.

When practices started the next March, I came in with a new attitude. I figured what was done, was done and I had to concentrate on winning that position the pre season was brutal on my nerves and concentration. I felt the coach's eyes' burning through me as he watched me field a grounder or take batting practice. He told Andy and me that whoever played the best during the scrimmages would win the position. We played five scrimmages and each one was hell for me. A missed grounder or strike out would surely mean Andy would start. When Andy played I prayed for him to strike out or make an error. I'm sure he did the same for me. It was nothing personal but we both really wanted to play. One game Andy made an error and I nearly hugged one of my teammates. I hated not caring if we won or lost but it was my senior year and I was going to start. By the end of the pre-season Andy and I were dead even. We both had three hits and one error. I was positive since I was the senior and we had played even, that I would start. If I had stunk up the field, then Andy would start, but that wasn't the case, and although the coach hadn't told me who was starting before the first game, I was sure it would be me.

The opening game of the 1990 season was a cold, blustery April afternoon. The spectators were bundled up in their warmest clothes, and they were sipping on hot chocolate in an effort to keep warm. Some of my teammates were cursing at the dropping temperatures, which was slowly numbing body parts. This was baseball in New England, and despite of the frigid weather, I was excited to play. We had everyone back from last years team, and we hoped to be back in the State Tournament. I had paid my dues from last season, and I was looking forward to



playing.

The coach called us together, to read off the starting line up. I felt confident, although the butterflies were gathering in my stomach. The coach told us about the other team and then he started to read. "Nazarian at short batting fifth, Winship in center batting sixth, Foreman at second, batting seventh....."

My heart sank to the bottom of my stomach, and I didn't hear anything else the coach said. I froze my ass off on the bench while Andy helped the team win the opener. I had done my best, but it didn't matter. I would have to spend my last year on the bench.

We kept winning, and I kept sitting. I watched my best friends have all-star seasons and hit game winning home runs. They team was truly great. We clinched a spot in the State Tournament with a victory the day after the prom. With most of the team hung over, we won 16-2. It was hard for me to feel a part of the team. I just didn't care anymore. I decided to call it quits. I had made up my mind, and I was going to.



## Pop-Pop

As I hopped off a yellow school bus,  
bouncing into Pop-pop's green Nova  
he sat there waiting.

a gleaming grin beneath an Irish  
cap,

and silky, white hair

Once inside his house,  
my feet dangling from a kitchen  
chair,

as he baked Irish soda bread

Pop-pop would sing to me,

"Yes, we have no bananas  
we have no bananas today."

In the fall I would help him  
rake leaves in the backyard  
He had a miniature rake for me,  
and as I scampered around  
he would form the leafy piles  
for me to jump and play in.

In summer he would  
bathe for hours in the warming sun,  
upon a spongy yellow and green  
flowered chair,  
while still I scampered.

But cartoons turned to soap operas,  
and my broken rake in the shed  
was replaced by gossip  
on the kitchen phone.

Before I knew it,  
the kitchen of my childhood  
transformed into a  
sterilized hospital room.  
I saw, with disbelief,  
an old man in front of me.

He would lie day to day,  
twisted, unable to speak.  
A stranger moaning in the  
bed beside him.



Dear Son,

Thought I'd write and let you know that I lived another week. At my age it's hard to keep on going without Julia, but Barb has been a big help. Jim, she became more than a daughter, she became a good friend. I want to tell her, but it's hard. Maybe I just need to see the next AT & T commercial.

Park Summit still surprises me. This place is gorgeous, they take such good care of the place. The entire building was repainted and the lawn is mowed two or three times a week. I guess that's why my rent is so high.

It was a real stitch the other day. A new women moved in sometime last week. She is fairly attractive, but I bet 50 years ago she was a knock out. Well, with her arrival, I lost my title, she's the youngest at 77. Her name is Willeena. All the old farts were wiping off their trifocals to get a good look.

The fun really didn't start until last Friday night. There was a dance in the East room. It was a hot time. A DixieLand band was performing and came real close to that Louie Armstrong sound. Well, Willeena showed up and all the fellows were dressed in suits from a by-gone era. Each one thought it was their obligation to introduce themselves to Willeena. She was the new chick in the barn yard and she knew it.

The band was really going now and Dr. Murrow hobbled over to Willeena's table with his ducked shaped cane. He introduced himself and asked very politely if she would like to dance. Between her walker and his cane, it must have taken them 5 minutes to get to the dance floor. The band was already on the next song

before they started to dance. All the old codgers were out on the dance floor swaying back and forth with their canes. It looked like Hugo hit the East room. Well, the good doctor thought he was Carmen Miranda and got a bit over-confident. He started to show off, lost his balance and dropped the cane in the middle of the floor. The poor guy is so old, he couldn't bend over to pick up the cane. Willeena wasn't any help either, she needed both hands to hold on to her walker. They both stood there looking down at the dumb duck cane, wondering what to do. Luckily one of the staff members noticed the incident and went over to pick up the cane. That was their last dance. The rumor around here is that the doctor has taken a liking to Willeena. They're together all the time.

The other day Bud Humphries and I shot three holes of golf. Even with a cart it is hard to play a lot of holes. My hips stopped turning when I was 70. Now my shoulders are going and Arthur Itise is setting in. At my age I should feel lucky to make it to the club house for a gin and tonic (hold the gin).

Take care and give my love to the family.

I love you all very much.

P.S. "Someone asked me what I do since I've been retired so long, I wake up every morning at 7:00 and read the newspaper, when I get the colored comics, I go to church".

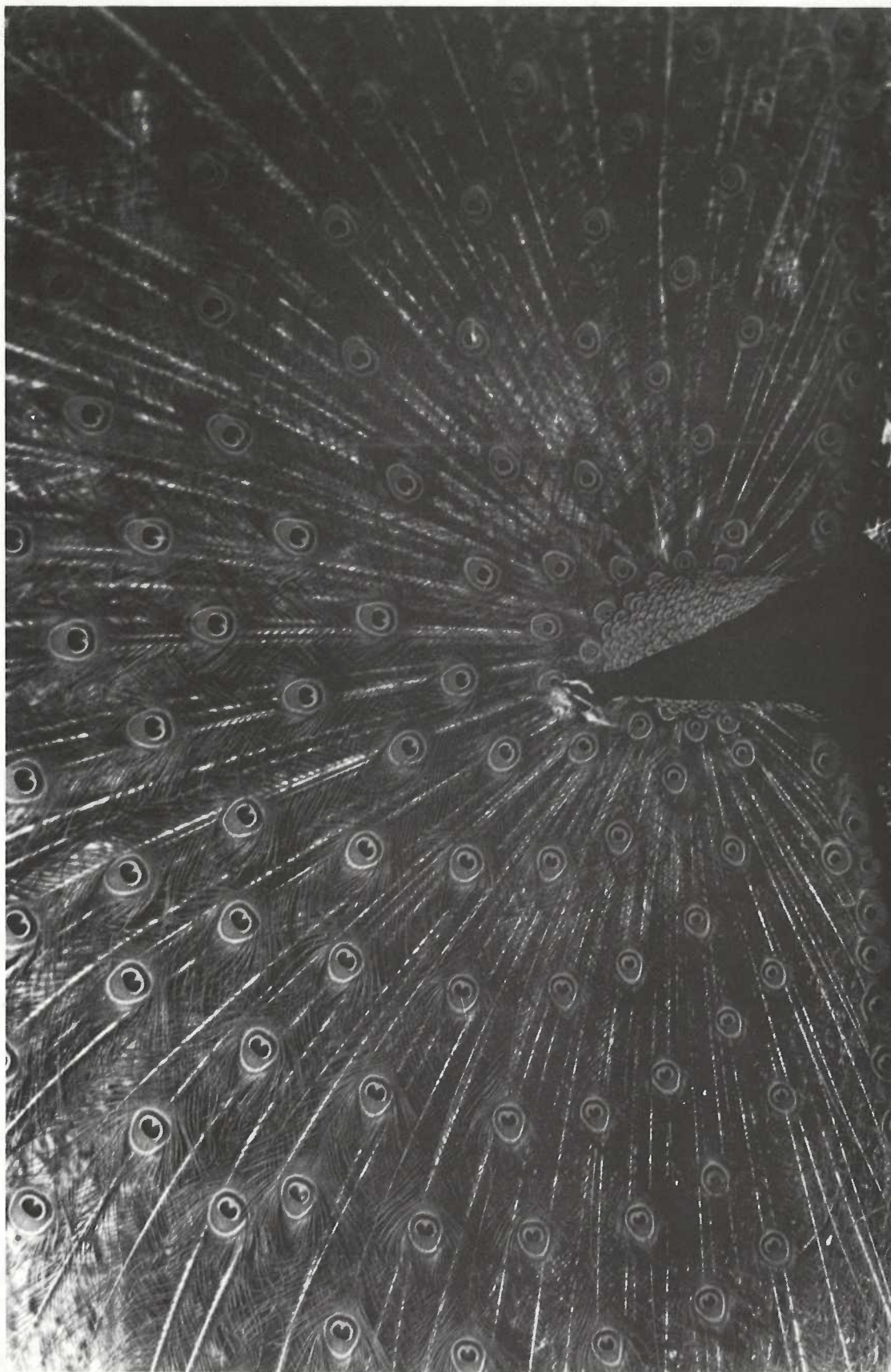
Elmo White

## Time

When it is cold  
Time comes to sit with me.  
Together we laugh and cry.  
She tells me stories of when  
We were young.  
Her face glows with expression  
And love of her own existence.  
Time brings me friends and flowers,  
But in an instant  
Takes them all away,  
Her angry hand  
Unfulfilled with all  
I have given her.

Michelle Rosenberg





Anne Solomon





## I Got A Gun

by Paul R. Pagnucco

As the class entered it's second hour I was going insane with boredom. The class was on ethics and as the professor dragged through the seemingly useless information. I scanned the room.

Dave had beat the boredom by taking the time to teach himself to twist his pen on his finger tips with great dexterity. At least he would come out of this class with some gain. Beside me a football player studied the sports page, oblivious of the class around him. Joe yawned and starred mesmerized by his loafers. Rob examined his arm, raising and lowering his fore arm watching his bicep flex and relax.

In the background the professor stammered on about some story of legal and ethical differences.

I pulled my revolver from my bookbag and loaded my last round in one of the chambers. Joe looked at what I was doing with great interest, and nodded his head in approval. I spun the chamber and laid the gun on an empty desk between Joe and I. He reached over and grabbed the cold black steel and with a flick of the wrist the weapon was spinning wildly on the wood. It spun forever and we both starred at the dark blur anxiously. Finally it stopped. Joe smiled at the barrel facing him. He snatched up the gun and held it to his head. His finger squeezed the trigger and the hammer clicked loudly. Joe looked upset. he returned the gun to the desk in disgust.

I smiled and reached for the piece and in the same fashion put the gun to my head and pulled the trigger, click. I laid the gun back down. The tension began to rise and Joe took no time pushing on the bulging vein in his temple with the barrel of the gun. BOOM.

Lucky bastard, I thought to myself as I returned the gun to my bag, and fell into a trance with the murmur of the professors voice.







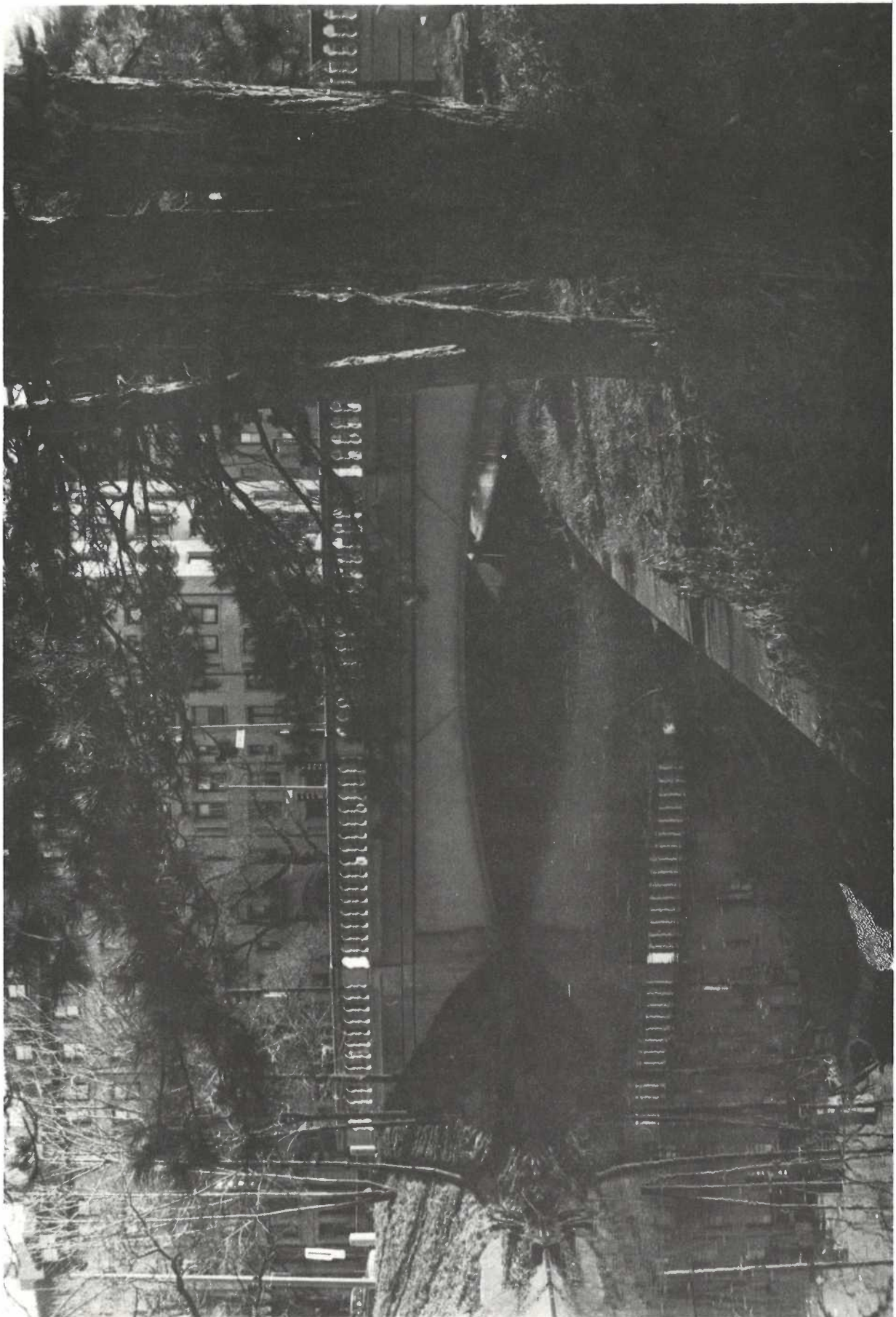
and never touch the ceiling. It was Mom's car but Dad made sure that the seats were always softened with some new miracle jell.

I think my brother, sister and I loved it more than my parents. My brother and I could wrestle in the back seat and never hit an arm rest. But as huge as that car was, dad could always reach every area of that car with only one arm.

Somehow on that summers' day I wasn't having as much fun. I lay in the huge back seat screaming. Mom was great. She kept telling me I would be fine and giving me the motherly words of love. In those young eyes it seemed to take forever to make this big mobil house get to the hospital. But we did and Mom never stopped being a Mom, she carried me all the way into the doctor's office, wiping the tears and giving me a kiss on the cheek.

Our doctor helped us immediately. he put me on a stretcher and rolled me into operating room and prepared my knee for stitches. Mom stood by me and held my hand as the doctor stitched up my knee. The doctor's visit seemed to last for only a short while and within minutes I was back in the big car heading home. When I arrived home I became a tough kid again. I had stitches and bragging rights to a ferocious injury.







George Mason the 40 year old accountant was a man of simple needs. His life was lonely, quiet and routine. The need for the outside world was one George did not share with others. The walls of a small studio apartment were enough for his existence as a man. Within this small structure he was content and in fact he was seemingly happy, even alone. Companions he had none or at least none of the human sort. Instead George had companions who to him were all he needed in his simplistic little world. They were two small dogs, both mongrels who had become George's dearest companions, in fact his only companions to speak of.

But George Mason did not always live a simple and easy life. It was only after his last and final release from a mental hospital ten years ago that things got better. His reasons for being in the hospital were quite grim. At the age of fifteen George's life was turned upside down. His family life was a typical one of an abusive father and a mother gone crazy. But for the first ten years of his life things were never real bad. yeah, he got unnecessary beatings from his father. And yeah, his mother always stood by

and watched. But things steadily got worse. From the age of eight his father started losing his temper more easily and it seemed that every time he hit George it was swifter and harder than the time before.

And then what seemed to be inevitable finally happened. It was a warm, mucky day in April when things changed forever in the fifteen year old boys life. George was outside playing catch with his small cocker spaniel named Rowdy. George was quite happy and somehow forgetting inside the house was a force that was cold and dangerous. For just that small moment in his life he felt like a normal happy fifteen year old boy with no worries in the world. Then from inside the house he heard a commotion. His father was yelling. George was quickly reminded of his cruel and painful existence. What had George done this time. His dad was now standing on the porch with his work boot in his hand. The boot was torn around the top and the heel had a hole in it. "Look what your worthless mongrel did to my good boot," George's father yelled sounding like some mad-man from another world. George's eyes



filled with terror as he stared at his father, the man who now seemed to George very inhuman. George's father grabbed the small dog by the collar and started hitting him. "Stop it. Leave him alone," George was yelling and crying at the same time. His father threw the terrified creature to the ground and came after George. It all happened so fast. Before George could say another word his dad had him by the arm. George could feel every blow to his head and body. His father kept hitting him. Then it happened. One crushing blow struck his right ear than his left ear. Everything went very quiet. George could feel his father hitting him but he could no longer hear the thud of his father's hand on his body. George knew that his father would continue hitting him until every breath left his body. Then the beating stopped. George kept waiting for the next blow, but it didn't happen. He looked up from his crouched position on the ground, his father was laying next to him with a crimson red flowing down his neck onto the ground. George was bewildered and frantic. He had no idea what had happened. Then he saw his mother on the

porch with a pistol in her hand. She looked cold and inhuman. She turned around and walked into the house never saying a word to George. George lay on the front lawn for what seemed to be an eternity. It wasn't long though before the flashing lights and the men in uniforms were everywhere. One man was kneeling by George wiping the blood and tears from his delicate face. His father's body was taken away. Then from inside the house there came a body on a stretcher, covered from head to toe. It was his mother, she had taken her own life after calling 911.

The next ten years of George's life were spent in and out of mental hospitals and foster homes. He was not crazy or dangerous just very quiet, sometimes almost untouchable by the outside world. He had lost most of his hearing in his right ear but other than that he had not suffered physically. Mentally he had been scarred. But to the doctors he seemed strong and able to live a somewhat normal life outside of the hospitals. So at twenty five he was released from his last hospital.

The next fifteen years of his life



were pretty normal compared to many. He got a degree in accounting and started a small business in his small apartment. He did not venture out far beyond his simple existence, but he did not have much need for the outside world. And his life continued in that manner until he was forty. Then things began to change. His hearing aid brought unusual and unpleasant sounds. At first he thought it was broken. But the sounds came to him even when the hearing aid was off. George became frantic wondering if he was imagining everything or if the sounds were real. But each night the sounds turned into whispers, and the whispers turned into screams. The sounds turned into whispers, and the whispers turned into screams. The sounds were not human. They were sounds that seemed to be from the throat of the devil himself. George was not the only one aware of the evil within his home. His dogs became timid, cowering when George entered a room. The screaming followed George continually through every day. His life was no longer quiet and simple. He lost all sense of reality and routine. he was bewildered and very frantic. There was

nowhere for George to turn. There was no one he could get help from. So he stayed in his small world watching his business and his life slowly stopping. His once loyal companions ran from him and when he did get them cornered they stood together baring their teeth. They no longer lay at the end of his bed protecting George, the man they once existed for. Instead they growled and snapped every time his han attempted a gentle caress. The dogs became more and more vicious everyday. And George became more alone and terrified with every breath. His most cherished companions became creatures waiting to attack at the first opportunity. George's existence grew smaller and more frantic. His apartment was no longer his domain. It was now the place where the voice and sounds existed. It was now the domain of the two mongrels who had access to everything that was once George's. The only place George was safe was in his bedroom. And although free from the two dogs he was never free from the noise in his head. The noise that sometimes came as a voice and other times came as a scream sending chills down George's spine. In his room



he grew paranoid of every sound. Even his own breath was something he did not trust. He hated his room but he dared not venture beyond for fear that the mongrels would tear him to shreds. he became slowly weaker and thinner. He seldom escaped the room so his stomach went for long stretches without being fulfilled. George grew pale and weary, losing track of night and day. He knew only that outside of his door there was an inevitable death. And inside his room, however hungry and weak, he had a chance. It would determine who would last longer, who could go the longest without food and water. But every day it grew harder for George to continue on. His stomach grew weaker along with his heart. In his head he could no longer rationalize between reality and hallucinations. Outside of his room it was usually quiet until one night he heard a very loud commotion. The mongrels were apparently fighting. It went on for some time. But then it was quiet again. After awhile George went to see if he could make it to the kitchen. He opened the door quietly. he took a couple of steps beyond his room. There were no dogs in sight. Then he peered around the corner to see one of them asleep on the floor. The dog was spotted with red stains. he could not see the other dog anywhere. He took a few more steps then he saw what appeared to be the other dog. George could not tell but it looked like a pile of fur. However, it did not have it's usual shape. George ventured a little closer. Then george knew, it was a clump of blood soaked fur. The body was not easy to decipher, there were large sections missing and half chewed off. George grabbed his stomach hoping not to gag. He turned to see the other dog, eyes now open. George made a mad dash for his room barely escaping the jaws of the mongrel. He closed the door tightly behind him. He stood shaking and sweating profusely. His eyes filled with tears as he fell to the floor. "Why couldn't you leave me alone. I never did anything to you," George cried to himself. "You took everything from me. I hate you.....I hate you and I hate you for taking mother away from me." George sobbed harder and harder, babbling on to the voice that was now quiet, "I never did anything to you, I never did anything but be your son." George babbled on



crying and sobbing to himself for along time until he finally fell asleep, shivering on the floor.

The studio apartment had been quiet for sometime. It was dark and it appeared to be empty. There was blackness in every window, and only the cool April breeze stirred. It whistled through the open windows carrying nothing of sound or life but instead it carried a putrid scent that grew stronger with everyday.

Andrea Zeigler

The Athlete

Some people aren't but they want to be  
Some people are but could care less  
Some think they are but they're not  
Some don't know, but they are  
There's a fine line  
Maybe in the heart  
Maybe in the soul  
Which is better or worse?  
Having it and doing nothing or  
Striving for something you could never be.

Greg Burke



## The Night Four Friends Died

By Justin Eves

It was a beautiful August night, we had been planning this night all summer. See, it was the last time all of us would be able to get together again. Until next summer as we were all leaving in a few days to go to school. But this was our night, the night most young adults in my home town get together to party before they leave to go back to school.

Little did I know that this night would turn out to be one of disaster. Shawn and I had told Jamie and Phil that we would meet them at my Dad's marina. Then leave from there to go out in the boat for dinner. After dinner we were to then go to my girlfriend Julia Baber's cottage for a party, as some of her friends from New York were up and she wanted to introduce me. We left the marina at 6:30 p.m., taking our time as we had intended to get drunk before we got to the restaurant. We arrived at the restaurant at 7:30 p.m. and we were wrecked! After a huge dinner of fresh bass we decided to sit in the lounge and have a few after dinner drinks, considering we are all the legal drinking age, which is nineteen in Canada. While in the lounge my friend Jamie decided that the three of us should play a game of mystery drink, so Shawn ordered the first round. It was triple shots of Canadian Club straight up, then Jamie ordered the next round. It was Long Island ice tea. Then it was my turn, I ordered three double rum and cokes. This went on for a good hour or so and when it was time to leave, our bar bill came to one hundred dollars but the owner tore up the bill as this would be our last night there until next summer. We thanked him and headed for the boat as we were already late for the party. As I was starting up the boat I was thinking that I shouldn't be driving, especially my dad's three hundred and fifty thousand dollar Donzi Black Widow, but Jamie assured me that everything would be all right and I didn't give it another thought. After all I've been driving a boat on the Georgian Bay since I was ten years old and I know







the bay like the back of my hand day or night.

We got to Juila's at 9:30 p.m. and the party was just getting started. There were fifty people there as well as three kegs by 10:30 p.m. Things were wild. My friend Jamie didn't help. He climbed up the flag pole unhooked the flag, tied it around his head and took off all his clothes. He ran into the cottage screaming Captain Canada. My other friend Shawn was quite drunk and giving this poor girl from News York a hard time, and as for me I was so loaded that I was having trouble seeing. To top things off some guys were trying to pick a fight with us which turned out to be a big mistake on their part because by now we were feeling no pain. My friend Phil landed a punch on this guy's that broke his nose and as we later found out gave him two black eyes. The rest of the guys backed down from the fight and helped their buddy out.

Around 2:30 a.m. we decided to leave the party, as my friend Shawn had to be at work for 11:30 a.m. that morning. After fighting with Juilia for the keys to the Donzi which she had taken out of my pocket earlier on that night, we left the cottage and headed for town. Now I was in no shape to drive as I had been drinking since 6:30 p.m. But seeing as how I was drunk and foolish I drove anyway. It wouldn't be until later that I realized how foolish that was. We drove into town at 65 m.p.h. with the stereo blasting "Paint It Black" by the Rolling Stones. Well, to our amazement, we made it into town with out a scratch. I parked the boat and Jamie said that he was going to sleep in the trailer that night and clean up the boat later on that day before he took my Dad's 42' Cris Craft home to Penatang. As for Shawn and Phil and I, we drove back to Shawn's house to pass out.

At about 4:30 a.m. that feeling that I had earlier on in the evening came back to haunt me. The phone rang and to my surprise it was for me. My cousin Vince was calling, he told me to get my ass down to the hospital as our cousin Ron and some of our friends were in a car accident in Ron's Ford Taurus, and it was serious. I quickly got ready and Shawn's Mom drove me to the Hospital.



When I arrived I heard some shocking news that has changed my life. Vince informed me between sobs that Ron was driving four of our close friends whom we went to high school with, home from a party at 3:30 a.m. They recognized someone in a car behind them who was trying to pass, and they told Ron to speed up and not let this guy pass. This went on for a while but finally the guy got impatient and went for it. But to everyone's surprise a transport came around the corner. Ron wasn't entirely sober and he panicked, he moved the car over onto a dirt shoulder at 75 m.p.h. to let the other guy in. But the dirt flung Ron's car through the guardrail and into a rock cut which it bounced off and landed upside down in the ditch. Ron was the only survivor because he was the only one wearing his seat belt. I saw him lying there strapped into a bed and heavily sedated because he had seen what had happened to our friends when the rescue team pulled him out of the car.

Ron's chest was badly bruised. In fact it was all black and blue, the passenger in the front seat went through the windshield and the left hand side of his face was missing when the medics arrived. The three passengers in the back seat were flung out of the car, one hit a tree and broke his neck, the other was decapitated when the car landed on top of him, and my third friend had his head crushed when he landed on the highway.

The friend who hit the tree and broke his back was rushed to Toronto General Hospital but died shortly after when his lungs filled with blood. My other friend who had his head crushed when he hit the highway was also rushed to Toronto General but died in the helicopter of extensive brain damage. My other two friends were killed instantly, so the day before I came to Curry College, I went to a funeral for four of my friends.

After the funeral I felt an incredible amount of guilt and sorrow especially because I was out partying and having a good time while my friends were dying on the side of a highway. I learned a lesson about drinking and driving that I'll never forget! And so that my friends don't die in vain I hope you don't either.





James Alvord



### To Where Do I Travel

My travels are inward due to my lack of outer space.  
My providence is that of a mystic touching each thought—and  
never  
taking a captive!  
My peace is the vastness I find within myself—  
The multitude of variation.  
No two the same—each thought different than the next,  
Each feeling more defined.  
The dream of what life can really be  
The reality of what living brings  
The illusion of the obscurity of another's dreams  
The richness of the vision  
The re-altering of the mind  
I ask myself the question—Why is it only here where life  
is really defined, hidden from the poor souls that howl  
in the bowels of discontent...  
But refuse to believe that the answer lies within.  
They attach themselves to objects and things  
for they will always fall short in their return.  
We can only lend small amounts of ourselves to each other.  
But we can never trust anyone with the total sum of our  
dreams.  
Dreams are the pillows of our hopes  
And hope—the will to continue in our search to find serenity.

L. Adams



## Black Tide Rising

When the basic apathy in every human is overwhelmingly apparent and permeated by weakness, the structure of what exists is nothing but the all encompassing, incomprehensible fabrication of the universe that loosely crashes down before any who are truly dedicated to the pure side of reason; which they feel must be the mean, not the extreme, omnipotent circumstance becomes decay and destruction. The force of good stands no chance. Then why be? Hamlet feared whatever lay beyond death. The true fallen idealist is held back by a weakness, to want to escape. And in all existence, nothing is capable of forcing us beyond the murk of the irrepressible dark being...

...do we truly believe this?

Is this sudden cry—hope? Or is this the fool rebelling against the black truth that exists simply to be crushed as long as eternity exists?

And I can feel no beauty in darkness...  
until I see the light of love shining in my soul.

Michele Stamm

## Summer Catalogue

How did I ever get into this mess?  
What was I thinking when I first saw you?  
You are the one who has caused all this stress.  
Brave little catalogue printed in blue.  
How would I know you would cause me such pain  
Leafing your pages so gaily one day?  
How could I have been so stupid, so vain  
To think I could earn three credits this way?  
Writing and writing and writing again  
Plays and short stories and biography.  
I'm not a Keats, so why do I pretend?  
This summer course is costing a fine fee.  
Oh, Curry College in the great Blue Hills,  
send me your degree and send me your bills.



## The Capsule

by Jeremy Norton

Silence rang through the empty room. The walls were bare and so was the white tile floor with the exception of a mattress in the corner of the room and a picture propped up against the wall. A tall, fairly well-built man sat unclothed on the edge of the bed staring at the capsule he held in his left hand between his thumb and forefinger. His dark brown military haircut complemented his cold brown eyes. His strong features seemed carved from stone, and his thin lips pressed tightly together.

Caleb picked up the picture from the floor and stared at it. It was a photograph of a young woman with short blond

hair. She had an extraordinary smile and fair complexion. Her smile told a story of happiness and joy but that could not match what was held in her green eyes. They showed the fulfillment that few experience.

The cold emptiness of his eyes turned to sorrow as he remembered what happened three short years ago. He had been living then in an apartment in Boise, Idaho with Rebecca. Their anniversary marking five years was coming up. He was going to take time off from work and they were planning on traveling to Europe.

He was a chemist for the United States Experimental Research Development. It was a government-funded organi-

zation located just south of Boise. It was a program formed in 1996 following two disasters involving space shuttles. Five years after the development of USERD the United States space program had excelled to new levels. And that is when USERD created the open door policy to any ideas of progress with few questions about technicalities like ethics and pragmatism.

USERD was having some problems with the testing of certain projects and was almost exposed when when an astronaut was lost in an attempt to travel the speed of light. The program was put on hold for almost four years until 2007 when capital punishment for murder 1 and murder 2 was legalized. USERD



obtained selected criminals from death row as guinea pigs. The government would arrange mock executions and then hand the subjects over to The Development.

In 2009 Caleb developed a drug that was intended to be used as a sleep substitute. It had a tetrodotoxin base which would leave its user in a comatose state. The second active ingredient was lysergic acid diethylamide which was used to stimulate brain activity. It registered extremely high on the electroencephalogram but that was easily overlooked. In order to simulate sleep an extended r.e.m. stage was needed and to help achieve this he used a peayote extract.

When tested on a

repeated rapist it did not fully accomplish its intended purpose but was found to be the most intense hallucinatory drug created.

One week before their anniversary he brought a sample of this drug home to try for himself. he needed to know what exactly went wrong but it was his curiosity that was the real motivation to use himself to experiment with the drug.

Only vaguely did he remember the distorted figures and images he saw. But it is a clear picture in his mind what happened when his wife came home that evening.

He saw her in a way he had never seen before. Such sparkling beauty filled the room with a blinding light. He

never held her like he did that night. Such beauty. They floated above every doubt when he kissed her. her blond hair flowed and caressed his skin. Her green eyes filled him up with an ecstasy he could not comprehend. Such beauty. It was so right that they should be together. It was so right that they should live together. It was so right that they should die together.

Such beauty he held and desired to bond with in a way no other has or ever will. It would be beautiful to die together. he wrapped his arms around her and held her tight. With his hands locked behind her back he squeezed tighter. She cried out but it couldn't be heard over





James Alvord



the sound of breaking bones.

She beat her fists on his chest and he was overwhelmed by this act of bonding. he threw her down on the floor and she lay on her back screaming "What the fuck are you doing?"

He spoke to her in a quiet sobbing voice "I love you so much" as he fell down on her driving his knee into her stomach. her shoulders sprang up and vomit flew out her mouth covering the both of them.

She screamed and begged him to stop but her hysterical crying made her words incomprehensible. he grabbed her head raised slightly above the floor and slammed it down.

He lifted her head again with both hands

and then kissed her lips covered with blood. In the same quiet sobbing voice he said again "I love you so much; you're so beautiful". Then he slammed her head back down on the floor and could hear the cracking of her skull. He repeated this motion until the sound of her head hitting the hard wood floor was muffled by the pool of blood. He grabbed her by the back of her head. her blond hair was now red and tangled. His hand sank into her jelly like skull and he kissed her once more.

That is all he could force himself to remember. he woke up in the hospital and was told what had happened. most of it he remembered. He was convicted for second degree mur-

der—a capitol offense.

Being associated with the USERD he knew he would still have a job but now he would be on the other end of experiments.

He wiped away the tear with his wrist and kissed the picture. Softly he whispered, "I'm so sorry, Rebecca, please forgive me, please." He looked at the photograph once more and set it back down on the floor.

Examining the capsule he held in his hand there was a slight hesitation but he proceeded to place it on his tongue and swallow it. he laid down on his back and folded his hands across his chest. he stared at the ceiling and tried to relax. He thought about what has happened to him. he was a very



happily married man with a job he loved. now he was miserably alone, a prisoner of the same institution he once worked for, a prisoner of his past. he missed Rebecca more and more every day, and he hated himself for what he did.

In two days he was going to test the X-3 to travel the speed of light. The process was correct in theory but two men had been lost so far and there were no guarantees.

His thoughts were interrupted when he heard the bedroom door slam shut.

"Caleb." a woman's voice whispered.

He sprang up in his bed and saw his bloody beaten wife walking towards him.

This wasn't the first

time he had taken the drug since the incident with Rebecca, and it wasn't the first time he has seen her since then. Sometimes she was exactly how he liked to remember her and other times she was the battered corpse that he had created coming to him with the sole purpose of tormenting him for what he had done.

"Rebecca?"

"Yes Caleb, it's me. You haven't forgotten me have you?" she walked towards him leaving a trail of bloody foot prints.

"No, I haven't. I could never forget you. I-"

"You could never forget me," she interrupted, "I'm sure you've tried very hard but I know you will never forget me, or what you

did to me that night."

She sat down on the bed beside him and picked up the picture that was propped up on the floor. She looked at it and smiled, then handed the photograph to Caleb leaving her red fingerprints along the edge of the frame. "Tell me Caleb, am I still as beautiful as I was then?"

Caleb looked at the picture like it was the first time he had ever seen it, then he looked up at Rebecca with her swollen eyes, her bloody smile and battered face. he couldn't speak, her grotesque appearance was a result of his actions and he could not bring himself to admit that to her and he could not look at her and say that she was beautiful; he remained silent.



She looked at him  
and laughed, "Oh Caleb,  
don't trouble yourself on  
my account."

He stared at the  
floor avoiding her eyes.  
he began to cry, "I'm so  
sorry, I never meant for  
this to happen. Can you  
ever forgive me?" he  
quickly glanced up at her  
and then back down to  
the floor.

"Don't be sorry."  
she said as if he hadn't  
done anything wrong. "I  
know what you were  
doing. it was beautiful  
Caleb. No one has ever  
shown me how much  
they love me the way  
you have. how could I  
possibly be upset at what  
you did, It was great.  
And now...now I want to  
show you how much I  
love you, the same way  
you showed me." Her  
sweet laughing voice

quickly changed to a  
vengeful, cackling shriek,  
"You bastard look what  
you did to me."

She flung her arm  
around hitting him in the  
chest and forced his body  
back down on the bed.  
She stood up and looked  
down at him screaming  
"Look what you did to  
me. Look at me"

At first the tears would sting  
but somehow, right to the end  
he always smiled.  
and in the back of my mind,  
I could still hear him singing,  
"We have no bananas today..."

So, instead of the metal  
hospital bed,  
I pictured him  
on his lounge chair,  
in the days  
when I swayed  
to and fro  
on a creaky swing set.

Katy Pryor



## The Blue Wall

I was airborne. Too young to fly, even younger still to swim. For where I landed was directly, dead center, in an aqua blue swimming pool. I groped hopelessly through the water, I could not do it, why did I even try? I could hear the voices around me, safe...they were growing fainter with each passing moment. I was being pulled under, the blue quicksand unable to support my timid weight. Engulfed, I stared dumbfounded, my tears no longer visible but mixed now with the stinging chlorine. The blue wall had encompassed me and was pressing hard to enter my mouth. It pushed and pushed to get inside me, to fill my lungs, my life. I felt myself not caring any more, it was not painful, I could open my mouth now and let the blue fate in. Just then an arm crashed through the liquid wall and took hold of my exhausted limb. I found myself once again airborne, this time, however, into the warm arms of my petrified mother.

## The Ride

By Chris Cottin

When I awoke my gut was knotted with the uneasy tension of anticipation. It was quarter to seven and I was wide awake. I could hear the whistle of the commuter train as it rolled into Hyde Park station a few blocks away and at that point I knew there would be no getting back to sleep. My two roommates were unconscious. They probably wouldn't be thinking any coherent thoughts before eight o'clock, if they could help it. I tried to rid myself of that annoying knot in my belly as I lay staring at the ceiling. It was like the tension one feels while being cranked to the crest of the first big drop of a roller coaster. There was only one way to untie the knot, I had to ride my roller coaster.

My roommates, though asleep, seemed to feel the encroaching day and their slumber was less placid. Brad snored heavily while Malique shifted in his



sleep in the bunk below. I got up and went through the morning routine of showering and dressing. Before I left I gave my unconscious roommates a quick glance. Brad was still sawing wood and malique was totally silent, his face buried in his pillow; I wondered how he could breath.

During breakfast and throughout my classes that day my thoughts were constantly returning to the stories of Mr. Riley, my seventh grade science teacher. He had been an emergency medical technician (EMT) for twelve years. His stories were endless. He taught us the basics of first aid and we all received a Red Cross first aid certification at the end of the year. But his stories were what brought the class alive.

He told us about one man who after being involved in a moderately severe car accident had refused to get out of his car because he was afraid that he would aggravate some unseen injury. He had been examined by an EMT and appeared to be fine. however, he refused to get out of his car and asked to be lifted out. Under different circumstances this might not have been a problem, but this individual was grossly overweight and weighed at least 250 pounds. In short, no one was going to put their back out heaving this behemoth out of his car. So the fire department cut the roof off of this man's Mercedes and lifted him out with a small crane. Another time he was working with all accident victim in their car as the fireman cut the roof off to extract this much more severely injured person. Mr. Riley was wearing a baseball cap and they were cutting through the roof just over his head. The tool being used was an air chisel, something like a miniature jackhammer, and as it went over his cap, skittering along the roof of the car, caught on the business end of the air chisel. he was lucky it was just his cap and not his head.

Not all the stories were so humorous. most of the time he had a point to make. he told us about a motorcycle accident victim who's injuries were not sever considering what people are capable of doing to themselves with a



cycle. The man was walking, talking, and generally just sore as hell. The problem arose when Mr. Riley tried to examine his chest. The man was wearing a heavy leather jacket with a heavy industrial steel zipper. In the accident the zipper had been bent had been bent so that it was now impossible to unzip the jacket.

The man had a great sentimental attachment to this jacket which had been given to him by his girlfriend and was not about to let some EMT cut it off with a pair of shears. After a bit of reasoning this troublesome jacket finally succumbed to the shears. Underneath the jacket Mr. Riley found several sucking chest wounds which, though not particularly painful at the time would, if not treated, have resulted in collapsed lungs and severe respiratory distress. The moral of the story? Always do as complete an examination as you can without further injuring the person; many injuries are not immediately apparent.

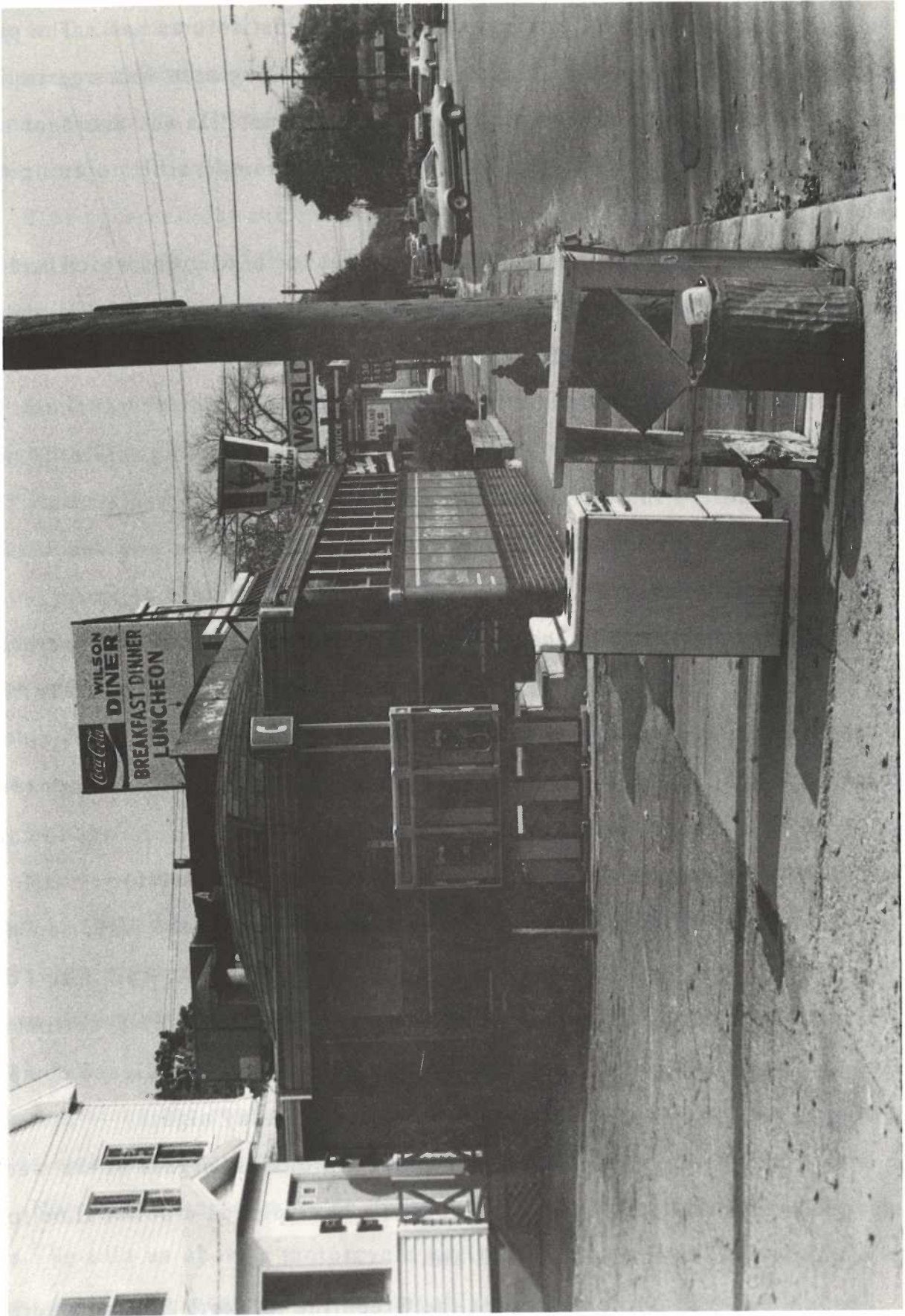
After lunch I tried to concentrate on my work but my thoughts were scattered. I gave up on trying to get any meaningful work done so I played Tetris until one o' clock.

I had gone back to my middle school while I was still going to high school to ask Mr. Riley how I might become an EMT. His first suggestion was to call around to different ambulance companies and ask if I could ride for a shift. All this entailed was just following instructions, staying out of the way, and he said I might be asked to help lift a patient into the ambulance. This way I could see first hand what the job was about before \$150 to take the EMT certification course. Because of my class schedule and the fact that the ambulance company I was going to ride with was in Beverly, I opted for a Friday night.

Friday and Saturday nights are generally the busiest nights of the week for emergency medical services. So, I couldn't have picked a better time to see some wild and woolly emergency first aid.

I took a bus into Boston and rode the Greenline to North Station where I





Ted Lavash



motorcaught a northbound train to Beverly. I got off the train in Beverly and walked two blocks to O'Brien's Ambulance. I was about quarter to four and I was fifteen minutes early. I would be riding the four to midnight shift.

Someone in the class once asked Mr. Riley what the worst accident he had ever been to was. He wouldn't tell us. Instead told us about another accident that apparently wasn't as bad. Two cars were traveling in opposite directions at night. One didn't have its lights on and the driver didn't see the other car in time enough to avoid it. Whether or not one or either of the drivers were DWI is irrelevant; the vehicles collided head on. The occupants of both cars were almost certainly killed or critically injured but Mr. Riley didn't tell us about them. He told us about one young woman who had been sitting in the back seat of one of the cars and who was thrown through the windshields of both cars and through the rear window of the second car. She was found lying on the trunk of the second car. Apparently it's not uncommon for a new EMT who's not used to the sights and sounds of people in medical crisis to loose their lunch in the bargain.

I walked in the front door of this building that looked more like a house with an oversized garage than an ambulance company.

I walked through the front door and up to the desk.

"Can I help you?" asked a man in a blue uniform.

"I was scheduled to ride an ambulance tonight, " I said a bit reluctantly.

"Oh yeah...Chris Coffin? Hi, Chuck Martinelli." We shook hands over the counter. "Your'll be riding with my partner and I tonight. It's gonna be a busy night."

I could hear the sound of the crank die away as the little train of cars topped the first crest and began to accelerate down the slope. I could feel that knot unravel as it was replaced by something else. The disorientation of falling, the wind in my face, and a thrill that permeated my mind and body.





Anne Solomon



Outside the sun was shining and I could feel the soft warm breeze floating in from the open window. I was sitting patiently at my desk waiting for the bell to ring. I remember constantly staring at the large black and white clock on the wall and wondering why school clocks moved so slowly. I was convinced that the principle must have had something to do with it.

and history.

Mrs. Sullivan was my teacher. She was a beautiful teacher inside and out. She had lovely long brown hair and always spoke in a gentle tone. She was unlike any teacher I ever had. Mrs. Sullivan never criticized your school work, but instead she would spend all her time teaching us to focus on each of our strengths. In her eyes, we could do anything. She spent many hours after school helping me with my math and spelling. I enjoyed staying after with her and looked forward to it. Things were going wonderfully.

be a different teacher. They were all substitutes who didn't stay with our class for more than two days. We were told that Mrs. Sullivan was ill but would be back shortly.

One afternoon, after three months had passed, Mrs. Sullivan walked into our classroom. Her face was very pale and she was very thin. We were very happy to see her again. Gathering around her to say hello, I noticed that she wasn't the same. Something was different.

Finally, the bell rang and everyone in the fourth grade class piled out onto the pavement for recess. For me, the fourth grade seemed like it was going to be the best. In my mind, nothing could possibly go wrong. I loved our schedule. We had art class or gym in the morning, recess at noon and then in the afternoons we had reading

Sitting in a circle we all told her various things about the past month's events. After about ten minutes she said, "Can anyone tell me what heaven means?" A few kids answered, "It's the place people go to die. There are angels and you



get wings." And once we heaven.

all got the general idea she started to tell us what was happening to her. Her eyes slowly filled with tears and then she said that word...that word that always frightened me. Death.

Mrs. Sullivan had cancer and was going to die. "I will be in God's hands and he will take good care of me. I'll be very happy in heaven. I love you." I think at that moment everyone was crying. We asked her a few more questions and then it was time for her to go.

After that I never saw Mrs. Sullivan again. I often thought about her and that's when I began reading the Bible and studying God. I wanted to know more about God. I wanted to know what Mrs. Sullivan meant about God and

I started going to church on Sundays by myself. My mum never went to church. She believed that if you helped people out then you would still go to heaven. I began to read from the Bible at night and said my prayers. I joined CCD, a religion class down the street from my house. I went twice a week after school.

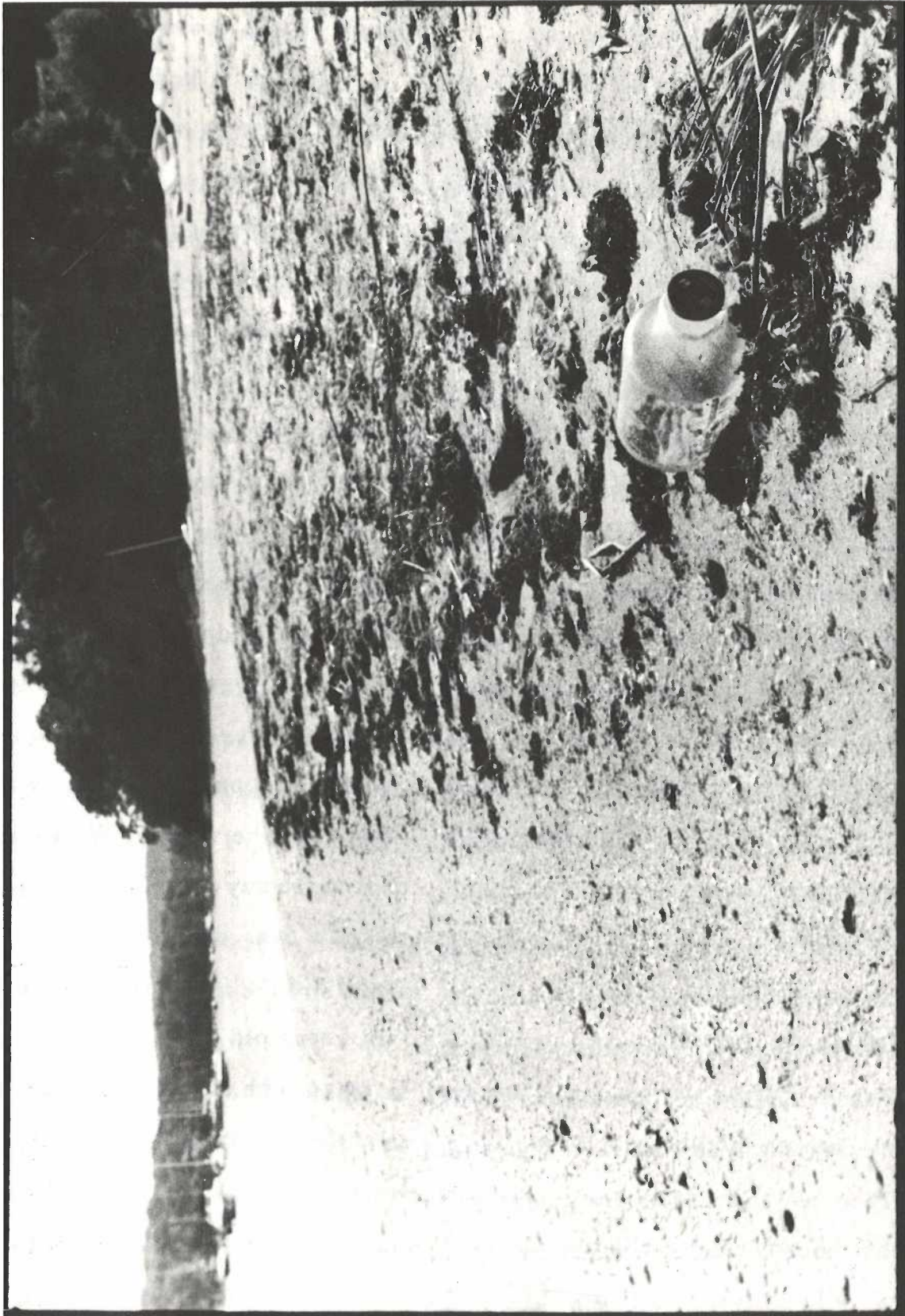
We talked a lot about family at CCD. My teacher, Mrs. Ahern, would ask us different questions, like who would swear in your family and why. We talked about things that I didn't quite understand, but they were fun to hear about. At least I thought they were.

It was one Wednesday in class when Mrs. Ahern passed out a questionnaire that would change the way

I saw myself for what seemed like forever. The questions read: "Tell me about your mother and father. Where and when were they married? What part did God play in their lives? And how has that affected your belief in God?"

I answered them truthfully and handed in my paper. Mrs. Ahern gathered all the sheets together on her desk, looked them over and began reading them out loud to us. As she read each one I waited anxiously for her to read mine.





James Alvord



## What Did I Know

By Brian Neville

My mother's parents and my father's dad died before I was born. Therefore, my father's mother was the only grandparent I ever met. She was from Ireland and talked with a heavy brogue so it was difficult to understand her sometimes. On all the major holidays the whole family would go over to her house. She would spend all day cooking a big turkey dinner with all the trimmings. As soon as your plate was near empty she would pile on more squash, sweet potatoes or anything else that was left on the table. I used to call her Nana.

Nana lived in a large, old house in Randolph. It was a gray two story house that needed a paint job in the worst way. There was a small porch that was covered with shovels, gardening tools and other assorted junk that prevented anyone from using the front door. It was about a fifteen minute ride and we went there at least once a week. I remember going there and playing on the big wide staircase. I used to slide down the long railing and throw tennis balls off the

steps. I was about six.

I never talked much with Nana. She would ask me how I was doing and I'd give the same response I always gave. Fine, I think I was probably a little afraid of her. She was a big woman with wide shoulders and a hard face. She had white curly hair and wore thick black glasses. She talked loud and often and I never knew quite what to say to her. Basically I tried to avoid any one-on-one confrontations with her. She was my grandmother, My Nana and I didn't really like her. I know that sounds awful, not liking your own grandmother. After all, aren't grandmothers supposed to be the most lovable people in the world? Well mine wasn't. Not to me anyway. I was only six and all I knew was that she was intimidating and I didn't like being around her, but at six years old I wasn't going to sit still long enough to learn. I avoided any substantial contact with her for the next two and a half years. Then she moved.

The house was too old and big for Nana now. She was in her late seventies and could no longer take the stairs and long walk to the market. She moved into



an elderly housing complex in the same town as we lived. It was right next to a shopping mall and supermarket. The two room apartment was only a ten minute bike ride from my house. I know because my mother used to make me go see how Nana was doing during the week.

I'd sit across the table from Nana sipping hot tea that she used to make me drink. We would talk about school a lot. I told her how was doing and that I enjoyed it very much. I told her anything she wanted to hear. She was always the one to initiate the conversation and it was never about her. I never heard her say one word about her childhood or what it was like in Ireland. I kind of wanted to know but I wouldn't ask.

When I was about twelve my grandmother got lung cancer. She was in the hospital for a while but there wasn't much that could be done for her. She was going to die. She moved in with us then. We put her in the den and rented a hospital bed that automatically reclined and was heated. I remember I couldn't wait for her to get out of it so I could see how it felt.

She never did get out of it. After about two weeks in our house Nana passed away. The night she died I remember all my aunts and uncles were over and everyone was telling me it was O.K., that she was in heaven. I also remember my uncle telling me it was all right if I wanted to cry. I didn't want to though.

After the funeral, everyone came back to our house. There were people there I hadn't ever seen. They were all talking and eating and it seemed like a pretty boring time. I went upstairs to my room and turned on the radio. I lay on my bed thinking about nana. Thoughts and memories raced through my head in no particular order. I thought about her old house, her white hair, her new apartment and her thick glasses. I thought about playing ball on the steps and sipping tea, wanting to be somewhere else. I thought about how little I knew her. I remember wanting to cry, almost trying to force myself. I'm not sure if I did or not. But if I did it was only for a short while then it was over.

To this day I still know very little about my grandmother. I also find it



takes time for me to form an accurate picture of her in my head. That is because I never paid that much attention to her. I feel cheated in a way, only knowing one grandparent and only for such a short time. I regret not knowing one grandparent and only for such a short time. I regret not knowing Nana better than I did. I think if she were around a little longer I would have. But she died when I was young. Only twelve. What did I know?





James Alford



# Curry Arts Journal Staff:

Editor: .....Martha Potyrala

Managing Editor: .....Susan Caplain

Typing and Proofreading: .....Pamala Grosz, Kris Blake

Contributing Editor: .....Phil Hulbig

Layout & Design Editor: .....Alex Mooney

Faculty Advisor: .....Ed Meek